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The Epic of Columbus' Bell,
AND OTHER POEMS.



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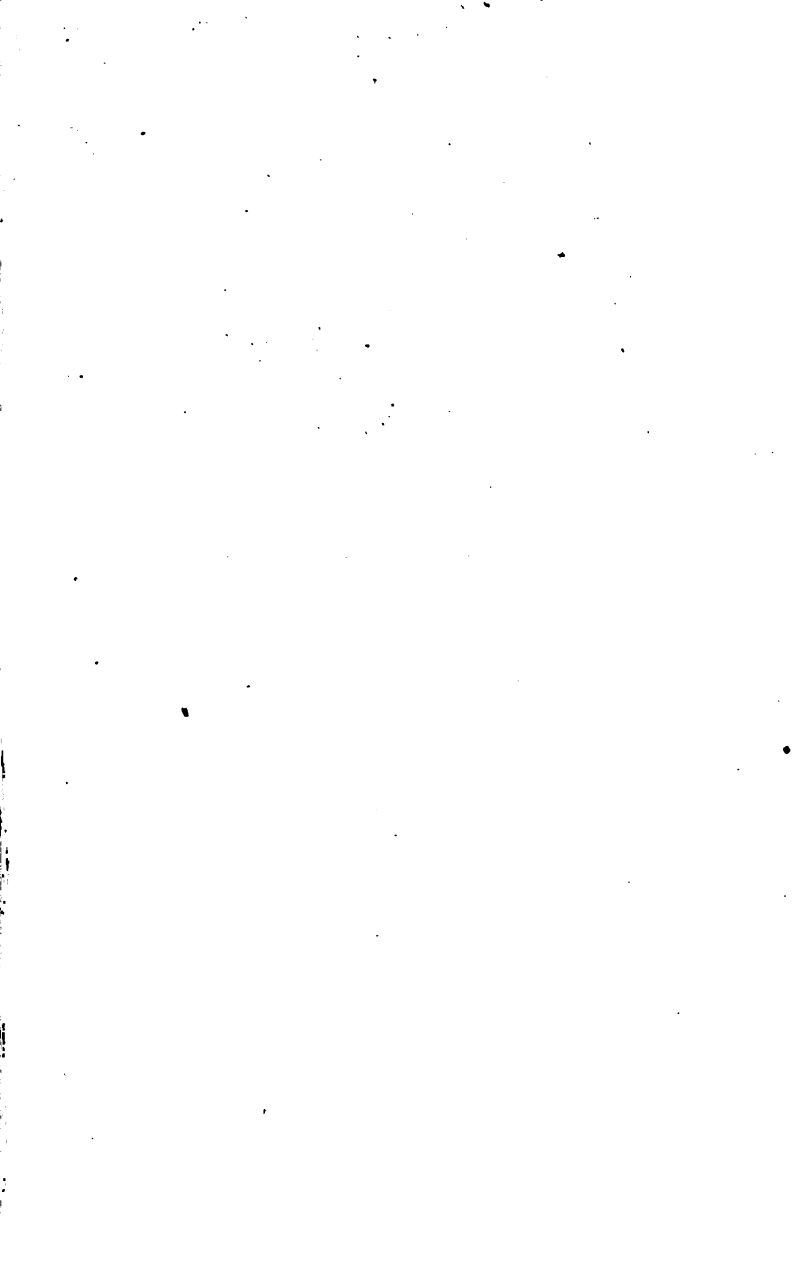
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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1918







George Hannibal Temple.

C

THE
EPIC OF COLUMBUS' BELL
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
GEORGE HANNIBAL TEMPLE.

READING, PA.:
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DEDICATION.

**TO HIS MOTHER, AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTION,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED, BY THE
AUTHOR.**

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THE COLUMBUS BELL.

THE EPIC OF COLUMBUS' BELL.¹

I.

Listen to the Poet's story
Of an ancient bell,
Freighted with it; wreaths of glory,
With its fate as well:
On Alhambra's mosque it hung,²
And the music that it rung
With an oscillating tongue,
Sounded through the Moorish citadel.

II.

All the watch within the city,
Startled at the call,
Muster as the shrilly ditty
Thrills the stony hall;

'Twas no call to pious pray'r,
But the ring of wild despair,
From the minaret in air,
 Urging guards to man the castle wall.

III.

At the gates of proud Granada,
 Fired by Passion's flame,
Islam and the fierce Crusader
 Strove in field of Fame;
How the Crescent's waning light
Watched Alhambra's tower'd height!
But Castile's undaunted knight
 Raised his banner there with loud acclaim.

IV.

While a truce was intervening,
 Sweetly rose the chime,
As there was a Christian meaning
 In the beating time;

For the Orders of the Cross,
Acting under martial force,
Changed the fane's religious course,
At the sweetest hour—the hour of prime.

V.

There the bell had served its mission
Freighted with renown,
Sounding still a sweet transition
O'er the Moorish town;
But the chivalry of Spain,
Scaled that precipice again,
And, with awful might and main,
Brought the brazen trophy safely down.

VI.

Round its shape a wreath of chacing
Rose with wondrous art,
Labyrinths of vines were tracing
O'er the middle part;

There the life-like leaves unfold,
There the tender tendrils hold,
There the buds their bloom foretold,
There the sweetest odors seem to start!

VII.

Now a sturdy bough was wrested
From the living beech,
Which, of leaf and branch divested,
Looked of longer reach;
In its middle this was graced,
With the bell securely laced,
Then on brawny shoulders placed,
When its silence woke in tuneful speech.

VIII.

Thus they bore the bell on shoulders
From the martial scene,
While the gathering beholders
Gazed with wond'ring mien;

Thus, till at the palace gate,
March the pride of Spanish state,
Where, with pomp and speech elate,
They present the trophy to their queen.

IX.

But there was a new ordeal,
Whither Fate's decree,
Drew the bell of Casa Real,³
Irresistibly.—
So, when to Departure's wind,
Did Columbus' sails unbind,
This to him, the queen consign'd,
For his latest voyage o'er the sea.

X.

On the Spanish Main protected⁴
By the sounding wave,
Stood a shady grove selected
For the wealth it gave;

Here the crafty pioneer
Plied his gainful trade with care,
Here a chapel rose, and here
Peaceful dwelt the noble Carib brave.

XI.

On this shore Columbus landed
With the sacred bell,
Which the ready sailors handed
From the caravel,
While its music rose once more,
Breaking o'er the shelly shore,
Mingling with the breaker's roar,
Then resolving on the dying swell.

XII.

Now a sailor, unassisted,
Made a handy rope,
Of some sea-grass intertwined
Into ample scope;

Thro' the ear the bell supplied,
This he drew with conscious pride,
Lapt it round, and firmly tied,
Leaving at the top the needed loop.

XIII.

Thus prepared, the bell was lifted
From the sea-beat sand,
From the tangled sea-weed drifted
O'er the pebbly strand,
To the bluff, the beech along,
Where a jutting rock o'erhung,
Whence the leafless cactus sprung
Into beauty at Dame Nature's hand.

XIV.

Straightway to the chapel, sprightly,
They pursued their way,
With the relic pealing lightly
Out its ancient lay;

There arrived, the sailors' might
Placed it on the chapel's height,
Where it was a welcome sight,
To the monk on that eventful day.

XV.

There its sacred numbers sounded
With a silver chime,
Till two centuries had bounded
Through the course of Time;
Till the Caribs met the fate,⁵
Which no pen can e'er relate,
Nor the tongue enumerate
Half the horrors of the bloody crime:

XVI.

Till the ax of the invader
Felled the timbers down,
And the hamlet of the trader
Rose a thrifty town;

Till a great Cathedral spire,
Hewn from living rock entire,
At the pious priest's desire,
Gave the bell a place of more renown.

XVII.

Then was Carthagena humbled
By a pirate fleet,
With her pillaged buildings crumbled
To the dusty street;
What time they with flaming brand,
Burnt the city on the strand,
And, with reach of impious hand,
Seized the bell upon its sacred seat.

XVIII.

Thence their steps the vandals measure
Back without delay,
With the captured bell, the treasure
Of the dauntless day;

But when to the rising gale,
They unfurl'd their ample sail,
Fate was lurking on the trail,
Of the bark which bore the bell away.

XIX.

For a while its summons sounded
On the ship afloat,
And the answering watches bounded
At the echoed note;
But this sacrilegious turn,
Heaven's eye did well discern,
When, with indignation stern,
Venging seas pursued the guilty boat.

XX.

It was night, a mystic feeling
Hung upon the hour,
Dark portentous clouds were stealing
Round with sullen lour;

One by one the stars expired,
Then the crescent moon retired,
When an instant flash was fired,
 Lighting up the sea by heavenly pow'r.

XXI.

Suddenly the storm impending
 Bursts upon the deep,
Southern winds, amain descending,
 O'er the waters sweep;
First the surface ruffles o'er,
Then the bigger billows roar,
Rolling to San Andreas' shore,
 Where they dash against the rocky steep.

XXII.

Andreas is an isle delightful,
 Circling round whose strand,
Carribea washes sprightly
 O'er the bleaching sand;

There beneath the sunlight sheen,
Verdant fields are ever green,
Blooming Beauty strows the scene,
And her fragrance is upon the land.

XXIII.

Thitherto the bark was driven,
By the winds away,
Cast upon the beach, and given
To the billow's play;
When, as far's the eye could ken,
Arms, sails, spoils and struggling men
Drifted on the surges, then
Disappeared beneath the splashing spray.

XXIV.

Soon as Morn, with purple brightness,
Paints the billow's crest,
(As the momentary whiteness
Curls upon its breast),

From the wreck they view the beach,
View the beaten vessel's breach,
And, with penitence, beseech
 Heaven's aid, for Heaven they confest.

XXV.

Neither was the hush unbroken
 Of the morning air,
For a mystic note had spoken
 Tones of sad despair;
Not the requiem of waves,
Where the rolling water laves,
Holding mass upon the graves,
 Of the dead beneath its surface there:

XXVI.

'Twas a sweeter intonation,
 With a plaintive swell,
Solemn as the replication
 Of a fun'ral knell;

'Twas a tone upon the tide,
Verberating far and wide,
While the answering bluff replied;
'Twas the tocsin of Columbus' Bell!

XXVII.

Meantime from the isle, attracted
By the rising strain,
Natives view'd the scene enacted
There upon the main;
Saw the sunken ship in sight
Scarce above the water's height.
And the pirates in their plight
Ringing out the fated bell's refrain.

XXVIII.

Quickly to the rescue hastened
An experienced crew,
With a surf-boat, which, unfastened,
From the shore withdrew,

Borne upon receding seas,
Bounding with the lightest ease,
As a leaflet in the breeze,
Till arriving at the wreck in view.

XXIX.

There the work of rescue tarried
Not till every hand,
Of surviving ones was carried
Safely to the land;
Not until their joys were crown'd,
With the Bell upon the ground,
Making heaven and earth resound,
Of its rescue on the stormy strand.

XXX.

Now the air became sonorous
With rejoicing songs,
By a merry-making chorus
Of a thousand tongues,

While the bell was keeping time,
With the instrumental chime;
And the music rose sublime,
Where the minstrels gathered round in throngs.

XXXI.

And they gaze with admiration
On the molten art,
While a feeling of elation
Swells their every heart;
While a touch of Fancy's hue
Paints the thrilling scene anew,
With the pirate wreck in view,
And the surf-boat ready to depart.

XXXII.

On the shore, with mist surrounding,
Rose a mammoth rock,
Pounding which, the surge, rebounding,
Sent a frightful shock;

Reared upon its rugged back,
High above the beaten track,
Of the billow's fierce attack,
 Stood a lighthouse made of granite block.

XXXIII.

Thither gaily went the people,
 With the rescued prize,
Where the tower, like a steeple,
 Reaches to the skies;
There, when Evening's gates unbar,
Shines the beacon light afar,
Twinkling like the bright North-star,
 And as grateful to the sailor's eyes.

XXXIV.

There a rounded dome extended
 O'er the circled hall,
Where Columbus' Bell, suspended,
 Overlooked the wall;

And did ships in danger ride,
Wrapt in mist upon the tide,
There the warning was supplied,
 Echoed from the tower to them all.

XXXV.

And the listening breakers wonder
 At the melody,
Whilst their deep-resounding thunder
 Beats eternally;
But when numbered with the past,
Two long ages rolled at last,
There appeared the rising mast
 Of a Yankee bark upon the sea.

XXXVI.

Veering landward, it was able
 Soon to reach the shore,
Where, with many a line of cable,
 They their vessel moor;

Newall, captain in command,
Leaping ankle-deep in sand,
Stood the first upon the strand,
Mingling with the folks he met afore.

XXXVII.

Him a welcoming ovation,
Greeted of his friends,
When a shout of exultation
Suddenly attends,
Noising o'er the blue profound
And the pebbly beach around,
Where it dies a whisper'd sound,
As another merry shout ascends.

XXXVIII.

Now, at last, the bell was taken
From the lighthouse dome,
Other foreign shores to waken,
Other seas to roam;

Straight to whom the ship obey'd,
Was the treasured bell convey'd,
And upon his vessel laid,
When, at once, they spread their sails for home.

XXXIX.

'Twas the sweetest hour of vesper,
When, with golden ray,
Does the heavenly sheen of Hesper
Light the traveler's way;
And the Pleiades arise,
Brightly glowing in the skies,
Pleasing to our wakeful eyes;
And the moon, new-risen, shone as day.

XL.

Forth the bark, o'er depths eternal,
Bounds with graceful ease,
Wafted onward by the vernal
Incense-bearing breeze,

Till the all-beholding sun
Thirteen times his course had run,
When his next revolving one
 Showed New Jersey's coast o'erwashed by seas.

XLI.

Soon the bark had reached its landing
 On the welcome shore,
Where, with transport, Newall, standing,
 Views the prospect o'er;
While the sailors with the bell
Trudge thro' seadrift, sand and shell,
Till they pull the present well
 On the bank above old Ocean's roar.

XLII.

Far from sea, there sits a village
 Flanked by sun-lit fields,
Where, through industry, the tillage
 Plentiful harvests yields;

There's a homely chapel there,
Unto which the saints repair,
And, with holy hymn and pray'r,
Sweetly praise Him who His people shields.

XLIII.

Thitherward, the sailors, marching,
Took the bell away,
Through a wood that, densely arching,
Intercepts the ray;
Where the spreading eglantine
Tangles with the columbine,
As, together, they resign
To the wood the sweetness of the day:

XLIV.

Where the hunting horn resounded
Through the sylvan scene,
As the stag, upstarting, bounded
From the bramble-screen,

With the hounds upon his heels,
Whose warm panting breath he feels,
Till his pace the rifle steals,
When he falls upon the trampled green:

XLV.

Where the gay-plumed birds, resorting,
Wake the woodland air,
Or, in heavenly fields disporting,
Flood their warbling there;
Whilst, below, the streamlets stray,
Tinkling on their seaward way,
And in dimpled eddies play,
O'er the smooth-worn pebbles everywhere.

XLVI.

Thence through meadows, sweet with flowers,
They their path pursue,
Where the verdure, drenched with showers,
Glistened to the view;

Here the peasant's lowing pride
Cropped the mead till eventide,
Or, about, with buxom stride,
 Gamboled where the crimson clover blew.

XLVII.

Next where cultured fields, extending,
 Bathed in sunlight sheen,
Passed the weary sailors, wending
 Through the spring-time scene;
There the plowman's cheerful song
Echoed in the fields among,
Thence, on airy wings, along
 Through the vista fair of woodlands green.

XLVIII.

Now, to Haleyville, rejoicing,
 Came the sailor train,
With the bell their entrance voicing
 In a loud refrain;

When the village people pour,
Unto Bethel chapel door,
In such numbers as before,
 Never gathered at the holy fane.

XLIX.

Charming maids in all the glory,
 Sweet of blooming prime,
Youth and he whose locks grew hoary
 At the hand of Time,
Mothers, romping children—all
Answered the resounding call,
To the consecrated hall,
 With a promptitude that was sublime.

L.

Fame, fair herald, in preceding,
 Had, with trumpet blare,
Sent the pleasing message speeding
 Through the village air;

E'en the vocal hills around
Heard, and answered back the sound,
That Columbus' Bell was bound
For the village chapel standing there.

LI.

Now had Phoebus down the heaven
Rolled his rapid car,
And unbarred the gates of even
To the vesper star,
When the trusted sailor train,
With the bell without a stain,
Reached the little Christian fane,
From the ship which brought them from afar.

LII.

It was here the presentation
Of the bell was made,
To the waiting congregation,
In the twilight shade;

That the churchfolks' merry mood
Told of hearts all gratitude,
When the captain's gift they view'd,
On the chapel door-stone where it laid.

LIII.

And the faithful sexton, climbing
Up the winding stair,
With the present, hung it, chiming,
In the belfry, there;
Where the stout-made crossbeam stood,
New hewn out the oak tree's wood,
That, erst, in the neighborhood,
Grew the tallest in the sunlit-air.

LIV.

There its lofty notes, with meetness,
Gladful tidings tell,
When we feel a kindred sweetness
In our bosom swell;

While the faithful ones around
Come to worship with a bound,
As they hear the sacred sound,
 Pealing from the old Columbus Bell.

KING KOBBENA ELJEN.

“And wouldst thou have this mighty arm,
That shakes the lance when war’s alarm
 Demands the brave,
Thus give, in one inglorious day,⁶
My realms to England’s haughty sway,
 As though a slave?

“Must kingly pride thus humbly yield,
When conquered on the battle field
 By foreign foe,
Who war at hell’s inflaming call,
To plunge our bleeding nation all
 In depths of woe?

“Not though an exile bound in chains,
Forced from my queen and native plains,
 Along the strand!
Not though this bosom reek with blood,
And life come ebbing with the flood,
 At thy demand!”

Thus spoke the king, and, in his pride,
He strove the tender tear to hide,

That trickled down;

But with disdain aside he thrust
The scroll, which found ignoble dust,
And not renown.

Long had the battle raged, and well
He braved the buckra's shot and shell,
Infernal hate!

King, prince and nobles bled that day,
But fickle Fortune would not stay
The hand of Fate.

Inglorious now the chieftain stands,
A captive on his native sands,
The golden spot;
The ransom asked, his kingdom whole,
But the proud purpose of his soul
Will humble not.

Much had he told of ivory store,
Of nuggets hid along the shore,
And more had told,

But that the stern, white Christian! race,
Would wade through blood to gain the place,
In quest of gold.

When Justice rises in her might,
And, from its sheath, with swiftest flight,
Her sword pursues;
What vengeance must o'erwhelm them all!
The plunderers, who, in their fall,
Receive their dues!

ODE TO SUMMER CLOUDS.

Whence, O ye clouds! and whither do ye rove,
Borne on Aeolian wings through fields above
Of heaven's wide cerulean waste? Where lifts
My musing eye, thy passing vision drifts,
With silent awe, majestically along
The pathless firmament with stars o'erhung.
Thou, Cirrus! thou who sail'st ethereal high,
In silver labyrinths against the sky!
Or streamest along the blue a streaked train,
Like as enamel on the azure plain!
Canst ever thou, from that aerial height,
Withstand the mighty eagle's upward flight?
Doth God reveal in thee, by this thy form,
The onward coming of a distant storm?
Declare, O Cloud! declare why thus sublime,
Above thy fellow-clouds, thou soarest that clime?
O dread and solemn Nimbus! cloud unfurl'd,
That looks a mirage of the nether world!
Whose thunders above a thousand hills declare
Thy awful majesty in realms of air!

Methought thou rosest on the sky, then, soon,
Didst fall like midnight on the Summer's noon.
On a sudden, forth, with reddening glow and
flight

Precipitate, sheer down the perilous height
Of ebon mass stupendous, darts thy long,
Empyrean lance, the toppling crags among;
And the accompan'ing peals of thunder rend
The darken'd heaven, whilst the rains descend.

And thou, vast Cumulus! to whom is given
To scale the awful precipice of heaven!
Whose vapors, proud as Doric columns, rise,
And, like Ruvenzori, salute the skies!⁷
If yet propitious be thy fleeting shade,
Or when yon sun hath the meridian made,
Or when he slopes adown the Western blue,
To paint the racking clouds a various hue,
O rise! thou vain, elusive mist and fair,
Thou empty form resolving into air!
Rise thou a mighty aegis in thy sway,
Against the sheen of yonder orb of day!

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

Where'er a land there is whose mountains wave
Their lofty tops that rising sunbeams lave;
Where lives so'er a race whose people praise
The true and living God; let Freedom raise,
From those proud heights, her ensign to the
 skies;

Amidst that race, let Freedom's altar rise!

Thine, Freedom! be the praise of every tongue,
As thine the conquest to redress the wrong,
In every clime, of every toil-worn slave,
That wends his sorrowed pathway to the grave.

Inspired by thee, great Lincoln's mighty pen
Proclaimed thy sovereignty to bleeding men,
Brought o'er in gyves from Afric's sunny land,
And sold to Slavery's unrequiting hand.

At thee, Freedom! proud monarchs hurl their
 might,

And Treason's marshaled hosts against thy right
Contend in vain; but thou, with banner unfurl'd,
Shalt march triumphant through the conquered
 world.

The muse of poesy shall ever sing,
Recording History the praises ring,
Of thee, blest Freedom! ay, shall sing of thee,
Shall waft thy paeans over every sea
And gamut of ages down, while yet there lives
A race that loves the boon thy triumph gives.

IN MEMORY OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Honor the worthy dead,⁸
Strew flowers on her bier,
And to the memory of a friend,
O lend a tender tear!

Upon her native soil,
She saw with throbbing pains,
The weary bondmen driven afield,
In manacles and chains.

Then, with her kindled pen,
For justice did she plead,
And light the torch of sentiment,
That every bondman freed.

Hers was the fame afar,
The homage of the free,
The gifts of Fortune and a name
Of immortality.

And when her days of toil
Were numbered o'er in peace,
And the warm fountain of her pen
Had bid its flow to cease;

When thy sure shaft, O Death!
But touched her mortal frame,
Her soul, to its Redeemer, rose,
And left this world of shame.

THE CUBAN AMAZON.

Alone upon the battlefield,⁹
The martial maiden stood.
Where scores of Cuba's valiant sons
Lay weltering in blood.
She wore a simple homespun robe,
Around her shapely form,
That breathed defiance to a host,
And braved the battle storm.
Her crisped locks o'rfleeced her head,
In beautiful folds and long;
The broadsword buckled to her side,
Now negligently hung.
The blood-prints of her naked feet
Were stamped upon the ground;
And where with fearless tread she moved,
The war came closing round.
"And must I fly the field," she cried,
"The field I love to tread?
Or must I, now, in cruel chains,
A captive maid be led?"

Dishonored like the vilest slave,
A sacrifice to lust,
And locked within yon prison walls,
Midst pestilence and dust?

“Perchance to Afric’s distant clime,
Be borne across the wave,
And deep in Ceuta’s dungeon thrust,
To die a penal slave?
Or haply I may sink engulfed,
In Ocean’s churning brine—
A shipwreck on some luckless coast,
A watery grave be mine!

“Nay! neither chains, nor coward flight,
Shall glad the foe to-day;
But here, unmoved, upon the field
Of battle shall I stay,
And drench my steel in hostile blood;
And Cuba soon shall see,
The tyrant driven from her shores,
And these proud mountains free!”

The maiden spoke, and, speaking thus,
Forth drew her trusty blade,
That shimmered o'er the bloody field,
And lighten'd on the shade;
When, now, besieged, with fury fired,
She flashed her dark brown eye,
And instant in the boldest face
She let the weapon fly.

Then, reeling as the Spaniard fell,
His aidless arms he spread;
His choking voice in vain he tries—
In vain!—that voice had sped.
Bold as he was, and puffed with pride,
He humbly bites the dust,
And surely pays, with dearest life,
The forfeit of his lust.

SPRING.

Forth Spring! The vernal breaths of sunny lands
O'er earth diffuse. The bursting bud expands,
And welcome leaves, lured by the sunlight sheen,
To lustful bask spread forth their cheerful green.

The sprinkled dew of eve or morning showers
Allure the opening bloom of verdant flowers;
The fields revive, blue bird and redbreast sing,
The nibbling flocks rejoice, and valleys ring.

The golden bloom of dandelion wild,
Bedecks the field and nods to zephyrs mild;
And incense-breathing flowers on yon slope,
Of vine-clad hill, their sweetest censers ope.

Pleasant the orchards are, all blossomed fair;
And sweet the redolence of morning air;
And beautiful the sight, when, with the day,
Golden and crimson break the clouds away.

Hark, that sweet carol! cadences sublime!
Lo, 'tis a mocking bird! his amorous chime
Of melody enchants all nature round,
And yonder rocks, his sounding board, resound.

Or poised upon some cedar twig he swings,
Or winnows th' buxom air, his music rings:
On snow-tip pinions spread, along he flies,
His descant sounds the blue ethereal skies.

EASTER OFFERING.

From sylvan glades and meadows green,
From shady haunts and rustic bowers,
With fragrance sweet and pious mien,
They come—the lovely Easter flowers;
Libations pure of sacred dew they bring,
To tender for an Easter offering.

Lo, at the holy shrine, behold
The hyacinth and saffron crocus,
The daffodil with tints of gold,
The jonquil and the clustering lotus!
The bow that spans the azure arch above,
Reflects but these—God's messengers of love.

Loud let the Easter anthem strain
Mark time in soul-rejoicing measure!
Sweet let the organ weave a chain
Of chords harmonious, linked at pleasure!
For Christ our Lord has risen from the tomb,
And Nature greets Him flushed in vernal bloom.

Rejoice, ye birds of passage, sing!

Sing notes of offering morn and even,
Make resonant the air of spring;

With modulation sweet, to heaven
Send grateful up a rapturous roundelay,
For Christ our Saviour rose on Easter Day.

SAMOA'S STORM.

The sea was calm, cloudless the sky¹⁰—
They kept the watch with eagle eye;
Hard by the shore were resting in repose,
Three nations' fleets before the storm arose.

The winds an awful stillness tell;
The placid brine nor rose nor fell—
In distance wide, the mate descried a speck
Of coming storm, as sailors trod the deck.

"All hands ahoy! we'll fly to sea!"—
The order rang with melody;
With quickened step they hasten'd to obey
Their stern commander, nor confused were they.

"The fires are low! 'tis now too late!
Prepare to brave the coming fate!"
Now cast they anchors in the deep profound,
While dismal lash the sounding surges round.

The driven foam comes thick and white,
As silvery flakes on winter's night;
And rolling clouds with maddened fury frown
Upon the ships, as sheets of rain come down.

O'er head the vivid lightnings flash,
With direful din the thunders crash;
Now down into the horrid trough so deep,
And now some billow's snowy crest they sweep.

Our sailor boys all list aloft;
Sweet-flowing strains of music soft,
From Trenton's Band, and cheers from gallant
hands,
Greet the Calliope, while Trenton strands.

Majestically the storm it braves,
Kind Providence but one ship saves;
'Tis England's mighty boat so proud and strong,
With streaming colors glides o'er seas along.

On shell-strewn beach or coral reef,
The brave marines soon came to grief;
And 'neath Samoa's sod some found their graves,
While others lie reposed below the waves.

OUTING SONG.

We come again this festal day,
 These woods and rocks to greet,
Beneath the cool thick shade away,
 In mirth and joy to meet.
Forth now 'mid glens so wild and free,
 The fragrant flowers among,
Or chase the butterfly and bee,
 Or list the birds' sweet song.
Columbia's sons and daughters too!
 With laugh and song make glad
These hills to-day, and never rue
 The hour, nor time make sad.
Beneath the oak go trip the rope,
 And swing in pleasant shade;
Or gather fruit, if thou wouldst hope
 To eat the marmalade.
Across the meadows on yon lake,
 Dip silently the oar,
Sweet music with the zither make,
 While songs awake the shore.

In brooklets down the hillside green,
Where lives the speckled trout,
Your line drop in with cunning mien,
And reel the beauties out.

O'er clover fields in yonder dell,
From springs the water bring,
Nor stay the feast, but know ye well
The bell, when it shall ring.

Then round we'll sit the festal board,
The blessing of God invoke;
The mossy rocks shall seats afford,
Beneath the shady oak.

ELEGY.

To the Memory of Florence M. Seidle.

A youthful bloom just raised to morning light,
Droops to repose, and fades from mortal sight;
The drossy part resolves again to earth,
The soul receives a fair celestial birth.

Could we but view the pleasures that await,
In Heaven above, in that immortal state,
Content no more with life's inglorious way,
To dust would haste this ever-drooping clay.

No more her hand awakes the tuneful key,
Her voice no more is heard in melody,
For pleasant sleep, with ever-during rest,
Hath stilled her voice, and laid that hand abreast.

The form so pleasing and with graceful move,
Whose throbbing breast its music told of love,
Though never shall again our home adorn,
We love forever, and forever mourn.

THE SHOWER.

The sky grew dull, the noon-day lamp withdrew,
In even scale the saucy winds were hung;
Sudden, dim flashed the flaming wrath along,
And played fantastics o'er the darkened blue.

Dread sounds the shower's rumbling overture!
While from the fulness of the cloud's retort,
With sprightly dance, the copious rains dis-
port,
Adown the ambient waste of skies obscure.

Now cease the rains, the orient sunbeams glad,
Burst through the broad expanse of heaven's
pall;
Through banks of rifted clouds aslant they fall,
On this revolving sphere with verdure clad.

A rainbow in the high cerulean clime,
With awe-inspiring grandeur stood unfurl'd;
From pole to pole, it spanned this reeling
world,
And, on its turning axis, rode sublime.

AUTUMN.

The Autumn comes, and chilly frost of morn,
Has, with his crystal mantle, all things spread,
And tinged with iris hues the leaves that on
The moss-terraced mountain heights the oreads
tread.

The ambient haze obscures the heaven's blue—
High, overhanging cliffs, in wild festoon,
The graceful ivy clings, attired anew
In russet vestment gay—'tis Autumn's boon!

The mighty oak nods to the whistling breeze,
And shower'd acorns scatter o'er the hill;
Save that, and 'chestnuts dropping from the
trees,
And music of the brook, the air is still.

The birds of passage southward turn their wing,
Where warmth of clime and verdure e'er re-
main;
Farewell, ye happy birds! farewell till spring,
In vernal freshness clad, shall come again!

THE SNOW STORM.

The trailing clouds scowl o'er the shadowed
main,

And boisterous north winds, coming on apace,
Sing loud discordant notes in weird refrain,
Nor beast, nor bird comes from its hiding place.

It snows; the drifting crystals, pure and white,
Now gambol wildly in the ambient air,
Like orange blossoms on a summer's night,
When tossed by zephyrs, and strewn every-
where.

Now spreads the silver shroud the landscape o'er,
And tree and shrub are sheathed in white
around;

Locked up in snow, the rill is seen no more,
No more its waters through the dell resound.

The boreal gust sweeps through the laden trees,
And crystal fleece from trembling branches
show'r,

These flutter hither, thither in the breeze,
And sprightly scatter o'er the whiten'd floor.

The cloud-like drifts of snow, with silent sweep
And blinding fury, now come storming on;
Here, shallow spread, there, driven wide and
deep,
With muffled beat, they dash upon the lawn.

Contending winds the weary combat yield,
A solemn hush broods o'er the snowy tract;
Lo, thicker pours the shower o'er the field,
And nature's covered with a dense compact!

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. A. F. JACKSON, D. D.

At noon of life, with ebon strands
Unmingled with the frost of Time,
In peaceful folds he lays his hands,¹¹
And seeks the pure celestial clime,
Where greetings sung by cherubim,
Who bore his crown, were waiting him.

The loving voice that praises sung,
The music warm 'neath heaving breast;
That rings no more his friends among,
This cold, unstrung, has sunk to rest—
How sad in life's full bloom to fall,
Pierced sudden by a ruthless ball!

Him, while he lived, the people loved,
For he was shepherd of a fold;
Which way soever they had roved,
Or far, or near, or young or old,
His was the care the watch to keep,
And gather in his Master's sheep.

The body sleeps, he is not dead,
 Again it mingles with the dust;
But Heavenward his soul has fled,
 To realms where he had placed his trust.
Angels, aware his work was done,
Sang, "Welcome home, thou faithful one!"

Above thy cold and silent clay,
 And to thy memory and worth,
This tribute of my verse I pay,
 To mark our friendship here on earth.
Oh, how we rue thy tragic end!
Peace be with thee, lamented friend!

AN ICEBERG.

From far Alaska's snow-bound shore,
Onward it moves like some dim phantom
sweeping,
And silently the yeasty waves o'erleaping;
With glass the seaman scans it o'er.

Up looms the iceberg, gray and tall,
By Boreas driven from the far off distance,
O'er Aegean blue, despising all resistance,
'Tis close at hand—the floating wall!

The rising moonbeams dart the skies,
High-reaching up to heaven's dome collecting;
The huge ice prism the glittering hues reflect-
ing—
Lo, 'tis a rainbow's tints it vies!

The mariners, what this might be,
Stood still as though 'twere Gorgon's head up-
lifted,
Instead of some stray iceberg that had drifted
Far out into the open sea.

THE TORNADO.

'Twas early eve, the gentle rain¹²
Sprinkled the fields from heaven's domain;
And distant winds, provoked, began to play,
When clouds, confused, seemed driven on this
way.

Now calm, peculiar calm, and still!
The whirling storm quick struck the mill
And paint-shop too, and down with awful crash
They came, as quick as thought or lightning
flash.

These clouds peculiar actions know,
Nor tell whence come, nor whither go,
Take funnel shapes, and start with dread intent,
With rotative and onward motion bent.

Hark! hark! the fire-bells ring the air,
How sad the sounds, distinct and clear!
The firemen rush through crowded streets pell-
mell,
And prancing horses know the sound as well.

The paint-shop burned, the flame-driven smoke
Rose far and wide, and through clouds broke;
The drifting sparks with splendor glowed, but,
soon,
Fast-falling, fell as leaves in autumn strewn.

The ill-starred mill lays ruined there,
And pinioned there lie maidens fair;
With tears to Heaven's God for aid they cry,
While brave hands rescue some, and others die.

Oh, woeful, dark and cruel night!
Heaven, pitying that sad sight,
Unveiled her glittering jewels, and they wept,
And, faithfully till morn, the vigil kept.

THE DAWN IS BREAKING.

Forth breaks the dawn, and gilds the Eastern sky,
Swift to their secret nests the night owls hie;
The flowers of morning ope their beauty rare,
And spread their heavenly perfume everywhere.

Oh, list the joyous lark's reveille song,
In-cadence sweet, the sylvan glens among,
Where wood nymphs lurk and hides the gather-
ing bee

His golden nectar won from flowers free!

Fair is the morn, when, like a phantom shield,
The white-winged mist lifts o'er the early field;
The roses sweet where thorns the vigil keep,
When, steeped in dew, they bloom in colors
deep.

So opes the pleasant scene at early dawn,
When dance the sylphs upon the dew-spread
lawn;

While yet the rosy Morn, with dreamy light,
Glow's all resplendent in the wake of night.

EVENING.

The sun behind his crimson veil
Is sinking, and, o'er mountains green,
Fair Hesperus pours his golden sheen,
With sweet delight, sheer in the dale.

Sweet symphonies the ear do greet,
By vernal zephyrs wafted right
O'er fragrant fields of clover white,
Where birds in evening conclave meet.

The humming birds in proud array,
Extract the golden sweets the while,
On balanced wing they rest and smile
In flowers, at the close of day.

And when the evening twilight fled,
Forth through the leafy woodlands peeped,
And up the vaulted heavens leaped
The moon, and wide her radiance spread.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

'Twas evening, and the wintry white
Glistened beneath the star-lit sky—
Forth marched the British cohorts right
Through Boston's streets, there to defy
The gathered sons of Freedom's cause,
And taunt them with Oppression's laws.

"Forward!"—the captain waves his steel
High circling wide; him to obey,
Right onward into King street wheel,
With steady step and close array,
The alien red-coats, eager bent,
To crush the freedom sentiment.

Them Attucks views; beneath his breast
The martial music beats and burns;
His manly bosom with unrest
Now rises, and now falls by turns;
Ready he stands to strike a blow,
To rid the colony of its foe.

"Strike! Strike! this is the nest," he cried,

And rushed impetuous to the lead
Of Liberty. On every side

The patriots join with hasty speed,
And follow him with purpose grand,
Who durst for Freedom raise his hand.

He shouts, he wields a knotted oak—

It falls and sounds the battle note
Fierce on their ranks. Redoubling stroke

On stroke, his ample weapon smote
Disorder'd ruin and dread discord,
Full on the grim, advancing horde.

Amazed they are, and rave with ire,

Nor dare to brave where danger calls—
They halt—now charge, and, charging, fire;

And Attucks' self, first martyr, falls,
At Freedom's shrine: transfixed he lies;
He bleeds for Liberty, and dies.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

For the following history of the bell I am indebted to Mr. George W. McCowan, proprietor of the "Pioneer," of Bridgeton, N. J., who kindly furnished me with it by letter, together with his comment thereon:—

THE COLUMBUS BELL.

"In the year 1492 (January) the war between the Crescent and the Cross culminated in the capture of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella. The famous mosque of the Alhambra was transformed into a Christian temple, and from its lofty towers, instead of the 'Murran of Islam' calling the faithful to prayers, those pious monarchs caused this bell, with several others, to be cast and placed there for calling their meek and lowly followers to matins and vespers.

"A few years afterwards Queen Isabella presented this bell to Columbus upon his departure to America on his fourth and last voyage (1502), and by him it was donated to the pious brothers who placed it in the chapel, which was the beginning of the great cathedral of Carthagena on the Spanish Main (in New Granada, South America). There it performed its holy mission until the great raid and siege of Carthagena by the buccaneers, in 1697, when the city was sacked and partially destroyed.

"In the division of the spoils the bell fell to the share of the French ship 'La Rochelle,' and for a short period did duty in the humble service of a ship's bell for the piratical crew. But retribution was close after the vandals, for in the latter part of the same year, during one of the most furious hurricanes that ever swept the seas, the piratical squadron was nearly annihilated, The 'La Rochelle' was totally wrecked on the island of San Andreas. A few of the crew were saved, together with the bell.

"From the descendants of the survivors the bell and its history were obtained by Captain Newall, of the bark 'Eva H. Fisk,' of Haleyville, N. J. By him it was donated to the new African M. E. Church, of that place. The chapel to which Columbus donated the bell may have been established a year or two before he visited Carthagera, as the whole of that coast was at that time called. Some of the adventurers who had sailed with Columbus on his first and second voyages had left him on their return to Spain, and the wonderful reports brought of the rich treasures of the new world made it easy for them to procure vessels and men with which to sail on their own account. They had, between 1492 and 1502, traversed and explored the greater part of the Caribbean Sea, and touched upon the shores of the mainland.

"One of these adventurers, says Irving, had traversed the coasts of Carthagera and attempted to (and probably did) make a settlement there in 1501; they found that the natives had already

been so badly treated by the white men that they were suspicious of them. The City of Carthage was founded in 1533. The cathedral of Carthage is noted for its magnificent marble pulpit.

“The bell, of which we give a correct picture, is of small size, but of superior quality of metals; no such bronze is used nowadays. From its color and nature and the purity of its tone it appears to have a large percentage of silver. All bronze is an alloy of copper, zinc and silver in varying proportions. Its weight is 64 pounds; its outside diameter at the top is 8 inches; inside diameter at the top $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches, making the thickness of the metal at the top about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch; the diameter at the mouth is $14\frac{3}{4}$ inches; the thickness of the metal at the sound bow or rim where the clapper strikes is $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch; its height is 11 inches, and the length of the clapper is 11 inches, exclusive of the staple to which it is attached; its tone is clear and echoing.

"There is a small debt of \$190.00 on the church, and so highly do the people value their relic—The Columbus Bell—that they will not suspend it upon the church lest by some mishap the church be sold for debt, and they lose the bell, but it is securely kept at the residence of Trustee Alfred Green."

NOTE 2.

On Alhambra's mosque it hung,
And the music that it rung,
With an oscillating tongue,
Sounded thro' the Moorish citadel.

The Alhambra formed a citadel or acropolis to the city of Granada, Spain. It contained the palace of the ancient Moorish Kings and a mosque or Mohammedan temple of worship. On the subversion of the Moorish Kingdom by the combined forces of Arragon and Castile, in January, 1492, it was partly destroyed by the invading victorious Spanish armies.

NOTE 3.

Drew the bell of Casa Real,

Irresistibly—

The ruins of the Alhambra, the once magnificent palace of the Moorish kings, are called by the Spaniards the Casa Real.

NOTE 4.

On the Spanish Main protected

By the sounding wave—

The Spanish Main (i. e., mainland, in contradistinction to Spanish West Indies), a name formerly applied to the north coast of South America, washed by the Caribbean Sea. This coast was the rendezvous of many piratical expeditions in the 16th and 17th Centuries. These pirate ships preyed upon the merchant vessels sailing the sea, and sacked the towns along the coast.

NOTE 5.

Till the Caribs met the fate,

Which no pen can e'er relate—

There were millions of Caribs inhabiting the West Indies, the South American and Central American countries, washed by the Caribbean Sea, and their ruthless extermination, at the hands of invading Europeans, forms one of the darkest pages in the annals of modern history.

NOTE 6.

Thus give, in one inglorious day,
My realms to England's haughty sway,
As though a slave?

Defeated in battle, the king of Gold Coast, West Africa, is captured and held for ransom. The price demanded is his kingdom. This the king refuses to sign away, and the British hold him a prisoner of war at Sierre Leone.—This poem was written on reading Bishop H. M. Turner's "Travels in Africa," in the *Christian Recorder*, January 7, 1892. The following extract is from the Bishop's letter:—

"I have just had the honor of my life. King Kobbena Eljen, of the Kromantie tribe, a pow-

erful tribe on the Gold Coast, who was captured in the late war with England, and who is here as a prisoner of war, called to pay his respects, through me, to his race, as he says, 'over the sea.' He means in America. I kissed his hands a dozen times, and would have kissed his feet had he not said, 'No, no.'

"The king is 64 years old. He is tall, erect and majestic, and is deeply concerned about the colored people in America. He wanted to know when we were coming home.

"During the great Ashantee war, he was captured by the English army and England tried to get him to sign away his territory and his people's land. He refused to do it, and they brought him here to Sierre Leone as a prisoner, to be held until he signs away his kingdom. The king says he will die first. If he will sign the documents England will send him back at once in a man-of-war. The African kings and nobility will make me hate England, grand as Old England is in many respects. The king walks about town, but

cannot leave. He is loyal to his race and to his people. He will give his kingdom to his children in the United States, but not to England."

NOTE 7.

And, like Ruvenzori, salute the skies.

The Ruvenzori, a snow-capped mountain peak of very high altitude, is situate in Africa. According to Stanley, its name denotes "Cloud King" or "Rain Maker."

NOTE 8.

Honor the worthy dead,
Strew flowers on her bier.

This poem was written July, 1896, and read at the Harriet Beecher Stowe memorial service, held in Bethel A. M. E. Church at Reading, Pa., on Friday evening, July 10, 1896.

NOTE 9.

Alone upon the battlefield,
The martial maiden stood.

This poem was written in 1897 during the Cuban revolution, at which time quite a number of young colored Cuban women took part in the many battles fought for independence. They fought with a bravery and determination equal to the men, and not a little of the credit for the successful termination of the war is due to the valor of their arms.

NOTE 10.

The sea was calm, cloudless the sky—
They kept the watch with eagle eye.

While the navies of England, Germany and America were anchored off the coast of Samoa Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, watching the interests of their respective governments, a storm swept over them, March 15, 16, 1889. All the vessels, seven in number, were wrecked, except the English ship "Calliope," which, having fires up and more coal than any of the others, was enabled to escape destruction by putting out to

sea, which it did amid the cheers of the American sailors. While the Trenton was being driven on the reefs, their band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." There were one hundred and forty lives lost.

NOTE 11.

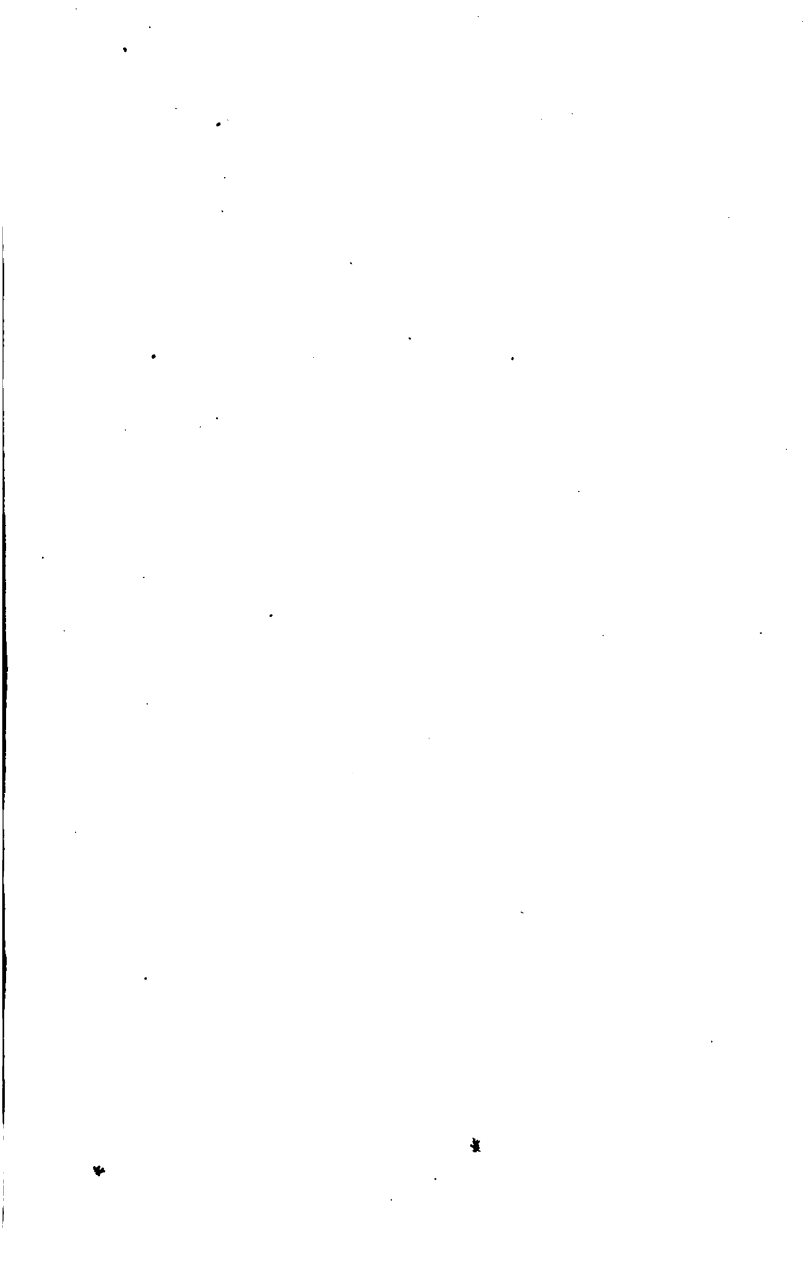
In peaceful folds he lays his hands,
And seeks the pure celestial clime.

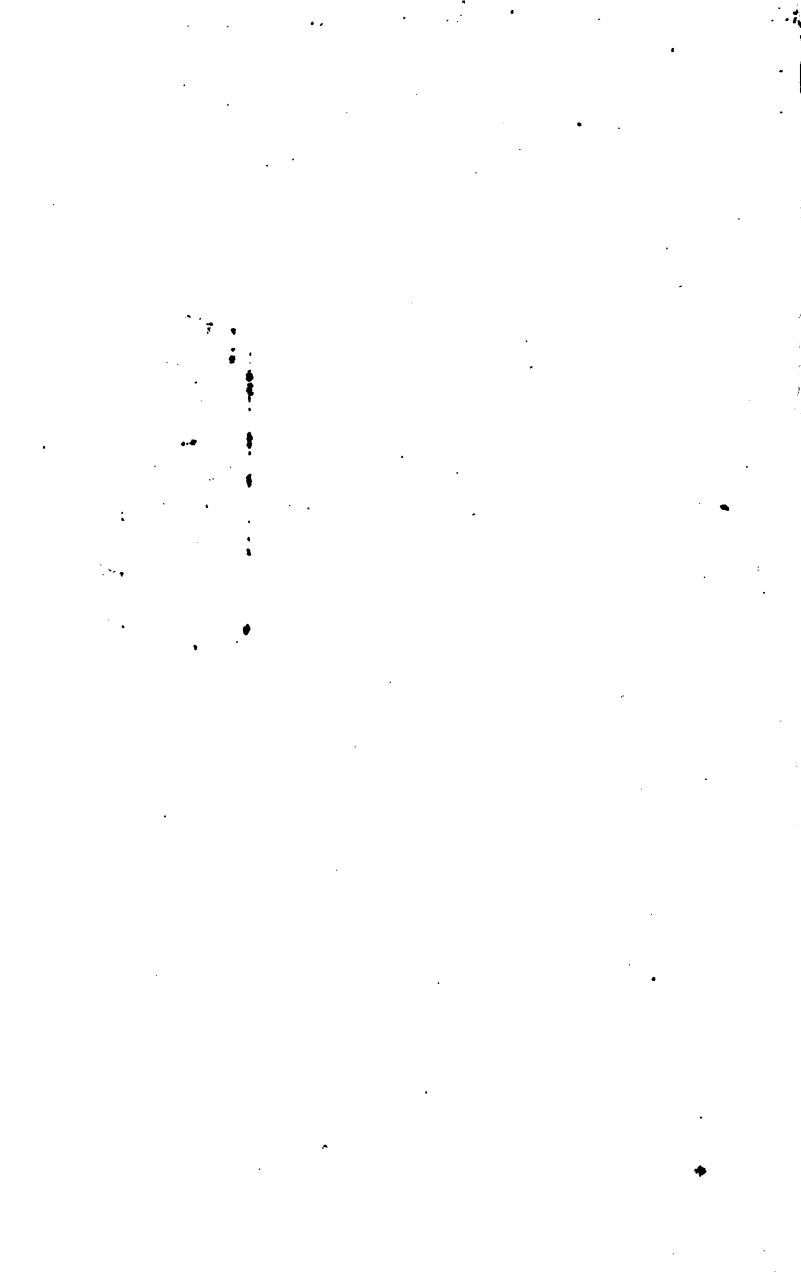
This poem was written on reading of the assassination of our friend, Rev. A. F. Jackson, D. D., at Dallas, Texas, on December 12, 1889. We made his acquaintance while teaching school at San Antonio, Texas, 1886-1887, where he was the pastor of the A. M. E. Church. He was a scholarly gentleman, an exemplary Christian and a pastor loved of a host of friends.

NOTE 12.

'Twas early eve, the gentle rain
Sprinkled the fields from heaven's domain.

On January 9, 1889, a tornado struck Reading, Pa., demolishing a large paint shop and a silk mill. In the latter building hundreds of girls were employed, eighteen of whom were killed and forty wounded. The work of rescue lasted several hours and night came on before the last of the wounded was taken out of the ruins.





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